

Lilies of the Valley ;

To which are added,

This is no my Plaid.

Up in the Morning.

Flora's Lament for Charly.

JOHANNY BLUSTER DWALT ON CLYDE.



STIRLING.

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LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'er barren hills and flowery daks
O'er seas and distant shores.
With merry songs and jocund tales,
I've pass'd some pleasant hours,
Tho' wandering thus I ne'er could find
A girl like blithesome Sally
Who picks and culls and cries aloud,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the harrowed turf,
From nestling of each tree
I chose a soldier's life to wed,
So social gay and free
Yet tho' the ladies love me well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her who cries,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd of late discharg'd
To see my native soil;
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil:

I care not whic^h with either pleased,

So I possess my Sally

That little merry nymph, who cries,

"Sweet lilies of the valley."

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

O this is no my plaid,

My plaid, my plaid,

O this is no my plaid,

Bonny though the colours be.

The ground o' mine was mix'd wi' blue,

I gat it frae the lad I lo'e,

He ne'er has gien me cause to rue,

And O! the plaid is dear to me.

Farewell ye lowland plaids o' grey,

Nae kindly charm for me ye hae,

The tartan shall be mine for aye,

For O! the colour's dear to me.

For mine was silky, soft an' warm,

It wrapp'd me round frae arm to arm

And like himself it bore a charm,

And O! the plaid is dear to me.

Although the lad the p aid who wore,
 Is now upon a di-tant shore,
 And cruel seas between us roar,
 I'll mind the p aid that shelter'd me.

The lad that gied me't. likes me well,
 Although his name I darena tell,
 He likes me just as we l's himsel',
 And O! the p aid is dear to me.

O may the p aidie yet be worn,
 By Caledonians yet unborn,
 Ill fa' the wretch wha e'er shall scorn,
 The p aidie that's sae dear to me.

Frae surly blasts it covers me,
 He'll me himsel' protection gie,
 I'll lo'e him till the day I die,
 And O! his p aid is dear to me.

I hope he'll no forget me now,
 Each aften pledg'd aith and vow,
 I hope he'll yet return to woo
 Me in the p aid sae dear to me.

UP IN THE MORNING.

Gauld blaws the win' frae north to south,
 And drift is driving sairly,

The sheep are cowering in the heugh,

O strs! it's winter fairly

Now up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early,

I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,

Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast among the blast,

The branches tirling barley,

Among the chimley taps it thuds,

And frost is nipping fairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early.

To sit a' night I'd rather agree,

Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan hill,

Like ony timorous ca'lie,

Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,

And that we find severely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early

When snaw blaws into the chimley taps,

Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae lilies lilt on hedge or bush,

Poor things they suffer fairly,

In esculents quarters all the night,
 A' day they feed but sparely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morn'g early;
 Nae fate can be waur in winter time,
 Than rise in the morning early.

A c'sey house and canty wife,
 Keeps aye a-busy chee ly;
 And panty stow'd wi' in-ai and maud
 It answers unco rarely.

But up in the morn'g na, na, na,
 Up in the morn'g early.

The gowan, meun glint on bank and brae,
 When I rise in the morn'g early.

FLORA'S LAMENT FOR CHARLY.

Why, my Charly thus to leave me,
 Thus to flee thy Flora's arms,
 Were yon vows but to deceive me,
 Valiant o'er my yielding charms?
 All I bore for thee sweet Charly,
 Want o' sleep fatigu'd wi' care,
 Brav'd the ocean rote and early,
 Left my friends for thou wast fair.

Sleep ye winds that waft him frae me
 Blow ye western breeze blow,
 Swell the sail for love Charly—
 Ah! they whisper Flora no.
 Cold she sinks beneath yon billow,
 Dash'd from yonder rocky shore
 Flora pride and flower of Isla
 Never to meet her Charly more

Dark the night the tempest howling,
 Bleak along the western sky
 Hear the dreadful thunder rolling,
 See the darted lightning fly.
 No more will hear the maid of Isla,
 Pensive o'er the winding deep,
 Her last words were O my Charly,
 As she sunk into the deep.

JOHNNY BLUSTER DWALT ON CLYDE.

Johnny Bluster dwalt on Tweed,
 The place they ca'd it Craddletony,
 Johnny was a joiner gule,
 Nane could wield a plane like Johnny.
 Lizie Pouch was Johnny's wife,
 An' addy Matty was her mither,

His wife as Johnny had,
I wadna gie a bu ton for her.

Johnny was ance half in love,
His fancy was by beauty haun'ed;
Heaven shone in Johnny's ee
But no the beauty Johnny wanted:
For Johnny cou'ten Lizie Painch
'Cause Lizie Painch she had the siller,
Not sic a wife as Lizie Painch,
I wadna gie a button for her.

Lizie's face was like the moon,
Her shouther's maist as braid as Samsons;
Her very picture's like the sign,
That hings aboon auld Robin Tamson's.
But devil a prin does Johnny care,
Were Lizie like the witch of Endor;
Johnny fatten's on her gear,
He wadna gie a button for her.

FINIS



